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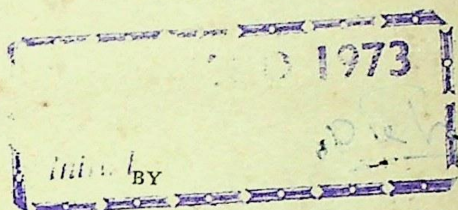


LORD MINTO, VICEROY OF INDIA. *Frontispiece Vol. I.*

Macmillan's Colonial Library

TRANS-HIMALAYA

DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES IN TIBET



BY

SVEN HEDIN

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1909

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

THE EARL OF MINTO

VICEROY OF INDIA

WITH GRATITUDE AND ADMIRATION

FROM THE AUTHOR



PREFACE

In the first place I desire to pay homage to the memory of my patron, King Oscar of Sweden, by a few words of gratitude. The late King showed as warm and intelligent an interest in my plan for a new expedition as he had on former occasions, and assisted in the fulfilment of my project with much-increased liberality.

I estimated the cost of the journey at 80,000 kronor (about £4400), and this sum was subscribed within a week by my old friend Emmanuel Nobel, and my patrons, Frederik Löwenadler, Oscar Ekman, Robert Dickson, William Olsson, and Henry Ruffer, banker in London. I cannot adequately express my thanks to these gentlemen. In consequence of the political difficulties I encountered in India, which forced me to make wide detours, the expenses were increased by about 50,000 kronor (£2800), but this sum I was able to draw from my own resources.

As to the text, I have endeavoured to depict the events of the journey as far as the limited space permitted, but I have also imprudently allowed myself to touch on subjects with which I am not at all familiar—I allude in particular to Lamaism. It has been unfortunate that I had to write the whole book in 107 days, during which many hours were taken up with work connected with the maps and illustrations and by an extensive correspondence with foreign publishers, especially Albert Brockhaus of Leipzig, who never wearied in giving me excellent

advice. The whole work has been hurried, and the book from beginning to end is like a vessel which ventures out into the ocean of the world's tumult and of criticism with many leaks and cracks.

My thanks are also due to my father, who made a clean copy from my illegible manuscript; and to my mother, who has saved me from many mistakes.

The seven-and-thirty Asiatics who followed me faithfully through Tibet, and contributed in no small degree to the successful issue and results of the expedition, have had the honour of receiving from His Majesty the King of Sweden gold and silver medals bearing the portrait of the King, a crown, and an inscription. I humbly beg His Majesty to accept my warmest and most sincere thanks for his great generosity.

The book is dedicated to Lord Minto, as a slight testimony of my gratitude for all his kindness and hospitality. It had been Lord Minto's intention to further my plans as Lord Curzon would have done if he had still been Viceroy of India, but political considerations prevented him. When, however, I was actually in Tibet, the Viceroy was free to use his influence with the Tashi Lama, and the consequence was that many doors in the forbidden land, formerly tightly closed, were opened to me.

Dear reminiscences of India hovered about my lonesome years in dreary Tibet like the pleasant rustling of palm leaves. It will suffice to mention men like Lord Kitchener, in whose house I spent a week never to be forgotten; Colonel Dunlop Smith, who took charge of my notes and maps and sent them home, and also forwarded a whole caravan of necessaries to Gartok; Younghusband, Patterson, Ryder, Rawling, and many others. And, lastly, Colonel Longe, Surveyor-General, and Colonel Burrard, of the Survey of India, who, with the greatest

kindness, had my 900 map-sheets of Tibet photographed, and stored the negatives among their records in case the originals should be lost, and who, after I had placed my 200 map-sheets of Persia at the disposal of the Indian Government, had them worked up in the North-Western Frontier Drawing Office and combined into a fine map of eleven printed sheets—a map which is to be treated as "confidential" until my scientific works have appeared.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I avail myself of this opportunity of expressing my sincere gratitude for all the innumerable tokens of sympathy and appreciation which I received in all parts of the United Kingdom, and for all the honours conferred on me by Societies, and the warm welcome I met with from the audiences I had the pleasure of addressing. I shall always cherish a proud and happy remembrance of the two months which it was my good fortune to spend in the British Isles; and the kindness then showered upon me was the more delightful because it was extended also to two of my sisters, who accompanied me.

Were I to mention all the ladies and gentlemen to whom I am especially indebted, I could fill several pages. But I cannot let this book go forth through the English-speaking world without expressing my sincere gratitude to Lord Curzon for the great and encouraging interest he has always taken in myself and my journeys; to Lord Morley for the brilliant speech he delivered after my first lecture—the most graceful compliment ever paid me, as well as for many other marks of kindness and sympathy shown to me by the Secretary of State for India; to the Swedish Minister in London, Count Herman Wrangel, for all the valuable services he rendered me during and after my journey; to Major Leonard Darwin and the Council and Members of the Royal Geographical Society, to whom I was delighted to return, not as a strange guest, but as an old friend; to the famous and illustrious Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where I was overwhelmed with

exceptional honours and boundless hospitality; to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, where twice before I had received a warm reception. Well, when I think of those charming days in England and Scotland I am inclined to dwell too long upon them, and I must hasten to a conclusion. But there is one more name, which I have left to the last, because it has been very dear to me for many years—that of Dr. J. Scott Keltie. The general public will never know what it means to be the Secretary and mainspring of the Royal Geographical Society, to work year after year in that important office in Savile Row, to receive explorers from all corners of the world and satisfy all their demands, without ever losing patience or ever hearing a word of thanks. I can conceive from my own experience how much trouble I have caused Dr. Keltie, but yet he has always met me with the same amiability and has always been a constant friend, whether I have been at home or away for years on long journeys.

Dr. M. A. Stein started and returned from his splendid journey in Central Asia at the same times as myself. We crossed different parts of the old continent, but we have several interests in common, and I am glad to congratulate Dr. Stein most heartily on his important discoveries and the brilliant results he has brought back.

It is my intention to collect in a third volume all the material for which there is no room in *Trans-Himalaya*. For instance, I have been obliged to omit a description of the march northwards from the source of the Indus and of the journey over the Trans-Himalaya to Gartok, as well as of the road from Gartok to Ladak and the very interesting route from the Nganglaring-tso to Simla. I have also had to postpone the description of several monasteries to a later opportunity. In this future book I will also record my recollections of beautiful, charming Japan, where I gained so many friends, and of Korea, Manchuria, and Port Arthur. The manuscript of this supplementary volume is already finished, and I lo[ng]

for the opportunity of publicly thanking the Japanese, as well as our representative in Japan and China, the Minister Extraordinary, Wallenberg, for all the delightful hospitality and all the honours showered down on me in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Lastly, the appetite of young people for adventures will be satisfied in an especial work.

I am glad to be able to announce at the eleventh hour that the Madrassi Manuel, who in Chapter IX. was reported lost, has at length been found again.

In conclusion, I must say a few words of thanks to my publishers, and first of all to Herr K. O. Bonnier of Stockholm, for his valuable co-operation and the elegant form in which he has produced my book, and then to the firm of F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig; the "Elsevier" Uitgevers Maatschappij, Amsterdam; Hachette & Cie., Paris; "Kansa," Suomalainen Kustannus-O-Y, Helsingfors; the Robert Lampel Buchhandlung (F. Wodianer & Söhne) Akt.-Ges., Budapest; Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London and New York; J. Otto, Prague; Fratelli Treves, Milan.

SVEN HEDIN.

STOCKHOLM, *September* 1909.

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CHAPTER I

SIMLA

In the spring of the year 1905 my mind was much occupied with thoughts of a new journey to Tibet. Three years had passed since my return to my own country; my study began to be too small for me; at eventide, when all around was quiet, I seemed to hear in the sough of the wind a voice admonishing me to "come back again to the silence of the wilderness"; and when I awoke in the morning I involuntarily listened for caravan bells outside. So the time passed till my plans were ripened and my fate was soon decided; I must return to the freedom of the desert and hie away to the broad plains between the snow-clad mountains of Tibet. Not to listen to this secret voice when it speaks strongly and clearly means deterioration and ruin; one must resign oneself to the guidance of this invisible hand, have faith in its divine origin and in oneself, and submit to the gnawing pain which another departure from home, for so long a time and with the future uncertain, brings with it.

In the concluding lines of my scientific work on the results of my former journey (*Scientific Results*) I spoke of the impossibility of giving a complete description of the internal structure of Tibet, its mountains and valleys, its rivers and lakes, while so large a part of the country was still quite unknown. "Under these circumstances," I said (vol. iv. p. 608), "I prefer to postpone the completion of such a monograph till my return from the journey on which I am about to start." Instead of losing myself in conjectures or arriving at confused

results owing to lack of material, I would rather see with my own eyes the unknown districts in the midst of northern Tibet and, above all, visit the extensive areas of entirely unexplored country which stretch to the north of the upper Brahmaputra and have not been traversed by Europeans or Indian pundits. Thus much was *a priori* certain, that this region presented the grandest problems which remained still unsolved in the physical geography of Asia. There must exist one or more mountain systems running parallel with the Himalayas and the Karakorum range; there must be found peaks and ridges on which the eye of the explorer had never lighted; turquoise-blue salt lakes in valleys and hollows reflect the restless passage of the monsoon clouds north-eastwards, and from their southern margins voluminous rivers must flow down, sometimes turbulent, sometimes smooth. There, no doubt, were nomad tribes, who left their winter pastures in spring, and during the summer wandered about on the higher plains when the new grass had sprung up from the poor soil. But whether a settled population dwelt there, whether there were monasteries, where a lama, punctual as the sun, gave the daily summons to prayer from the roof by blowing through a shell,—that no one knew. Tibetan literature, old and recent, was searched in vain for information; nothing could be found but fanciful conjectures about the existence of a mighty chain, which were of no value as they did not accord with the reality and were not based on any actual facts. On the other hand, a few travellers had skirted the unknown country on the north and south, east and west, myself among the number. Looking at a map which shows the routes of travellers in Tibet, one might almost suppose that we had purposely avoided the great white patch bearing on the recently published English map only the word "Unexplored." Hence it might be concluded that it would be no easy feat to cross this tract, or otherwise some one would ere now have strayed into it. In my book *Central Asia and Tibet* I have fully described the desperate attempts I made in the autumn and winter of 1901 to advance southwards from my route between the Zilling-tso and the Pangong-tso. One

of my aims was to find an opportunity of visiting one or more of the great lakes in Central Tibet which the Indian pundit, Nain Sing, discovered in 1874, and which since then had never been seen except by the natives. During my former journey I had dreamt of discovering the source of the Indus, but it was not then my good fortune to reach it. This mysterious spot had never been inserted in its proper place on the map of Asia—but it must exist somewhere. Since the day when the great Macedonian Alexander (in the year 326 B.C.) crossed the mighty stream with his victorious host, the question of the situation of this spot has always stood in the order of the day of geographical exploration.

It was both impossible and unnecessary to draw up beforehand a complete plan of a journey of which the course and conclusion were more than usually uncertain, and depended on circumstances quite beyond my control. I did, indeed, draw on a map of Tibet the probable route of my journey, that my parents and sisters might know roughly whereabouts I should be. If this map be compared with my actual route it will be seen that in both cases the districts visited are the same, but the course and details are totally different.

In the meantime I wrote to Lord Curzon, then Viceroy of India, informed him of my plan, and begged for all the assistance that seemed to me necessary for a successful journey in disturbed Tibet, so lately in a state of war.

Soon after I received the following letter, which I reproduce here with the consent of the writer:

VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA,
July 6, 1905.

MY DEAR DR. HEDIN—I am very glad that you propose to act upon my advice, and to make one more big Central Asian journey before you desist from your wonderful travels.

I shall be proud to render you what assistance lies in my power while I still remain in India, and only regret that long before your great expedition is over I shall have left these shores. For it is my intention to depart in April 1906.

Now as regards your plan. I gather that you will not be in India before next spring, when perhaps I may still see you. I

will arrange to have a good native surveyor ready to accompany you, and I will further have a man instructed in astronomical observations and in meteorological recording—so as to be available for you at the same time.

I cannot say what the attitude of the Tibetan Government will be at the time that you reach India. But if they continue friendly, we will of course endeavour to secure for you the requisite permits and protections.

Assuring you that it will give me the greatest pleasure in any way to further your plans,—I am, yours sincerely,

CURZON.

It may easily be conceived how important this active protection and help on the part of the Viceroy was to me. I was especially pleased that I was allowed to take with me native topographers experienced in survey work, for with their co-operation the maps to be compiled would be far more valuable, while, released from this complicated work which takes up so much time, I could devote myself entirely to researches in physical geography.

With this kind letter at starting I commenced my fifth journey to Asia. Lord Curzon had, indeed, when I reached India, already left his post, and a new Government was shortly to take the helm in England with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Premier. But Lord Curzon's promises were the words of a Cæsar, and I had not the slightest doubt that a Liberal Government would respect them.

On October 16, 1905, the same day on which I had started twelve years before on my journey through Asia, I again left my dear old home in Stockholm. This time it seemed far more uncertain whether I should see all my dear ones again; some time or other the chain that binds us must be broken. Would it be granted me to find once more my home unchanged?

I travelled via Constantinople and the Black Sea, through Turkish Armenia, across Persia to Seistan, and through the deserts of Baluchistan to Nushki, where I reached the most western offshoot of the Indian railway system. After the dust and heat of Baluchistan, Quetta seemed to me a fine fresh

oasis. I left this town on May 20, 1906, descended in four hours from a height of 5500 feet to a country lying only 300 feet above sea-level, and found in Sibi a temperature of 100° F. in the evening. Next day I passed along the Indus and Sutlej through Samasata and Batinda to Ambala, and I was now, in the hottest part of the year, the only European in the train. The temperature rose to 107°, the height I had shortly before recorded in Baluchistan, but it was much more endurable in the shady carriage, which was protected by a roof and hanging screens from the direct heat of the sun; it was well, however, to avoid touching the outside of the carriage, for it was burning hot. Two window openings are covered with a tissue of root-fibres which are automatically kept moist, and a wind-catcher sends a draught into the carriage through the wet matting At a window like this the temperature even at noon was only 81½°, and therefore I had nothing to complain of. At some stations there are excellent restaurants, and natives travelling on the train sell on the way lemonade and ice as clear as glass.

Nevertheless in India's sultry dried-up plains one longs for the mountains with their pure cool air. From Kalka a small narrow-gauge railway carries one in 6½ hours to a height of 7080 feet, and one finds oneself in Simla, the summer residence of the Viceroy and the headquarters of the Indian Army. The road is one of the most charming and magnificent in the world. The little railway climbs up the steep flanks in the boldest curves, descends the slopes into deep and narrow ravines, passes along steep mountain spurs, where the train seems as though it would plunge into space from the extreme point; then the train crosses bridges which groan and tremble under its weight, enters pitch-dark tunnels, and again emerges into the blinding sunshine. Now we run along a valley, catching a glimpse of the bottom far below us, then mount upwards to a ridge affording an extensive view on both sides, then again traverse a steep slope where several sections of the marvellously winding line can be seen below. The scene changes every other minute, new contours and landscapes

present themselves, new points of view and lights and shades follow one another, and keep the attention of the traveller on the stretch. There are 102 tunnels on the route, most of them quite short, but the longest has a length of three-quarters of a mile.

We pass through one zone of vegetation after another. The flora of the plain is left far behind; now the eye notices new forms in new zones—forms characteristic of the various heights of the southern slopes of the Himalayas—and at last appear the dark deodar forests, the royal Himalayan cedars, with their luxuriant green foliage, amidst which are embedded the houses of Simla like swallows' nests. How fascinating is this sight, but how much more imposing as a symbol of the power of the British Empire! Here the eagle has its eyry, and from its point of vantage casts its keen eyes over the plains of India. Here converge innumerable telegraph wires from all the corners and extremities of the British Empire, and from this centre numerous orders and instructions are daily despatched "On His Majesty's Service only"; here the administration is carried on and the army controlled, and a host of maharajas are entangled in the meshes like the prey in the nest of a spider.

I approached Simla with some anxiety. Since Lord Curzon's letter I had heard nothing more from the authorities in India. The singular town on its crescent-shaped ridge appears larger and larger, details become clearer and clearer, there remain only a couple of curves to pass, and then the train rolls into the station at Simla. Two servants from the Foreign Office, in scarlet liveries, took possession of my luggage, and I was welcomed in the Grand Hotel by my old friend Colonel Sir Francis Younghusband—we kept Christmas together in Kashgar in 1890, and he was just as friendly and pleasant as then. I was his guest at dinner in the United Service Club. During half the night we revelled in old reminiscences of the heart of Asia, spoke of the powerful Russian Consul-General, Petrovski, in Kashgar, of the English expedition to Lhasa, which was led by Younghusband, of life

in Simla and the coming festivities in the summer season—but of my prospects my friend did not utter a word! And I did not ask him; I could believe that if everything had been plain and straightforward he would have told me at once. But he was silent as the grave, and I would not question him, though I was burning with impatience to learn something or other.

When I went out on to my balcony on the morning of May 23, I felt like a prisoner awaiting his sentence. Below me the roofs of Simla glittered in the sunshine, and I stood on a level with the tops of the cedars; how delightful it was here far above the heavy sultry air of the plain. To the north, through a gap in the luxuriant woods, appeared a scene of incomparable beauty. There gleamed the nearest ranges of the Himalayas covered with eternal snow. The crest shone white against the turquoise-blue sky. The air was so clear that the distance seemed insignificant; only a few days' journey separated me from these mountains, and behind them lay mysterious Tibet, the forbidden land, the land of my dreams. Later on, towards mid-day, the air became hazy and the glorious view vanished, nor was it again visible during the few weeks I spent in Simla. It seemed as though a curtain had fallen between me and Tibet, and as though it had been vouchsafed to me to see only once from a distance the mountains over which the road led into the land of promise.

It was a sad day; at twelve o'clock I was to hear my sentence. Younghusband came for me and we went together to the Foreign Secretary's office. Sir Louis Dane received me with great amiability, and we talked of Persia and the trade route between India and Seistan. Suddenly he became silent, and then said after a pause:

"It is better you should know at once; the Government in London refuses you permission to pass into Tibet across the Indian frontier."

"Sad news! But why is this?"

"That I do not know; probably because the present Government wishes to avoid everything which may give rise

to friction on the frontier; the granting of your request throw responsibility on us should anything happen to you. Yes, it a pity. What do you think of doing now?"

"If I had had any suspicion of this in Teheran, I would have taken my way through Russian Asia, for I have never met with any difficulties from the Russians."

"Well, we have done out here all we could to forward your plans. The three native surveyors Lord Curzon promised you have been trained for six months, and hold themselves in readiness at Dehra Dun. But probably this too will be countermanded from London. Still, we have not yet given up all hope, and we expect the final answer on June 3."

To have to wait eleven days for the final decision was unbearable. Perhaps a personal application might have a favourable effect. I therefore sent the following telegram to the English Prime Minister:

The friendly words, in which your Excellency referred two years ago in Parliament to my journey and my book, encourage me to apply direct to you, and to beg you in the interests of geographical science to grant me the permission of your Government to pass into Tibet by way of Simla and Gartok. I propose to explore the region, mostly uninhabited, to the north of the Tsangpo, and the lakes lying in it, and then to return to India. I am thoroughly acquainted with the present political relations between India and Tibet, and as I have held peaceful intercourse with Asiatics since my twenty-first year, I shall also this time behave with circumspection, follow the instructions I am given, and consider it a point of honour to avoid all disputes on the frontier.

And now we waited again; the days passed, my three native assistants held themselves ready in Dehra Dun for the journey, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, assured me that he should be pleased to place at my disposal twenty armed Gurkhas—only the permission sought from the Secretary of State for India, Mr. John Morley, must first arrive; for it was he who held the keys of the frontier, and on him everything depended. Lord Minto, the new Viceroy of India, did everything in his power. He wrote long

complete statements of affairs and sent one telegram after another. A refusal could not discourage him; he always sent off another despatch beginning with the words: "I beg His Majesty's Ministry to take once more into consideration that," etc. When the assurance was given from London that the refusal was not intended for me personally, but that the same answer had been communicated to several British officers, Lord Minto in his last telegram begged that I might be permitted to accompany the British officer who was to travel to Gartok in summer to inspect the market there. But the Secretary of State kept immovably to his resolution, and I received the following reply to my telegram in a despatch of June 1, 1906, from the Secretary to the Viceroy:

> The Prime Minister desires that the following message be communicated to Sven Hedin: "I sincerely regret that I cannot, for reasons which have doubtless been explained to you by the Indian Government, grant you the desired assistance for your journey to and in Tibet. This assistance has also been refused to the Royal Geographical Society in London, and likewise to British officers in the service of the Indian Government."

The contents of the last London telegram intimated, then, that nothing was conceded to me. The Indian Government and the Viceroy could, of course, do nothing but obey, as usual, the orders from London. They were willing to do everything, and displayed the warmest interest in my plans, but they durst not help me. They durst not procure me a permit or passport from Lhasa, they durst not provide me with an escort, indispensable in the insecure country of Tibet, and I lost the privilege of taking with me three efficient topographers and assistants in my scientific observations, from which both sides would have derived advantage. But this was not all. Should I fall in with circumstances and cross the frontier with a party of natives on my own responsibility, the Indian Government had orders to stop me. Thus Tibet was barred to me from the side of India, and the English, that is, Mr. John Morley, closed the country as hermetically as ever the Tibetans had done. I soon perceived that the greatest difficulties I had to

overcome on this journey proceeded not from Tibet, its rude climate, its rarefied air, its huge mountains and its wild inhabitants, but—from England! Could I circumvent Mr. John Morley, I should soon settle with Tibet.

Hope is the last thing one resigns, and so I still hoped that all would turn out well in the end. Failure spurred my ambition and stretched my powers to the uttermost tension. Try to hinder me if you can, I thought; I will show you that I am more at home in Asia than you. Try to close this immense Tibet, try to bar all the valleys which lead from the frontier to the high plateaus, and you will find that it is quite impossible. I felt quite relieved when the last peremptory and somewhat curt refusal came and put an end to all further negotiations. I had a feeling as though I was suddenly left in solitude and the future depended on myself alone. My life and my honour for the next two years were at stake—of course I never thought of giving in. I had commenced this fifth journey with a heavy heart, not with trumpets and flourishes as on the former expeditions. But now it was all at once become my pet child. Though I should perish, this journey should be the grandest event of my life. It was the object of all my dreams and hopes, it was the subject of my prayers, and I longed with all my soul for the hour when the first caravan should be ready—and then every day would be a full chord in a song of victory.

I do not venture to pass an opinion on the policy which then piled up in my way obstacles apparently insurmountable. It was at any rate prudent. For the future it will be necessary. If I had gone under British protection and accompanied by British subjects and then been killed, probably a costly punitive expedition must have been sent out to make an example; whether I were a Swede or an Englishman would have made no difference in this case. The view the English Secretary of State took of the matter is shown in his answer to Lord Percy's question a month after I had received my answer: "Sven Hedin has been refused permission to penetrate into Tibet for political reasons, in accordance with which even British

subjects are not allowed to visit that country. The Indian Government favours the expeditions of experienced explorers, but the Imperial Government has decided otherwise, and considers it advisable to continue the isolation of Tibet which the late Government so carefully maintained."

During this time I received many proofs of sympathy and friendship. I had true friends in India, and they felt it hard that they could not help me. They would have done it so gladly. I durst not ask them for anything lest I should place them in an awkward, troublesome position. Sir Louis Dane had informed me that if my petition were granted I should have to sign a bond, but what this would have contained I have never found out. Perhaps it dealt with some kind of responsibility for the men who accompanied me, or a promise not to visit certain districts, and a pledge to place the results of my journey at the disposal of the Indian Government—I know not. But now I was absolved from all obligations; freedom is after all the best, and he is the strongest who stands alone. Still, it would be exaggeration to say that I had then any great affection for the name of Mr. John Morley. How could I foresee that I should one day reckon him among my best friends, and think of him with warm respect and admiration?

After my first visit to the Foreign Office, Younghusband conducted me to the Viceregal Palace, to enter my name in the visiting list of Lord and Lady Minto. Younghusband is a gallant man, a type of the noblest that a people can produce. He was more annoyed than myself at the refusal of the Government; but he had in this connection a far more bitter experience—his expedition to Lhasa, which ought to have thrown open Tibet to scientific exploration, had been in vain. He took me on the way to Lord Minto's private secretary, Colonel J. R. Dunlop Smith, in whom I found a friend for life. He is one of the finest, noblest, most generous, and learned men that I have ever met. He is well educated in many subjects, and has a thorough knowledge of India, for he has lived there four-and-twenty

years. When we see such men in the most responsible posts, we can well conceive that the ruling race will weather many a violent storm, should they arise, among the three hundred millions of India.

My life at this time abounded in contrasts. How little did my sojourn at Simla resemble the years of solitude and silence that awaited me beyond the mountains veiled in dark masses of cloud! I cannot resist recalling some reminiscences of these extraordinarily delightful days.

Go with me to the first State dinner on May 24, 1906. Along the walls of the great drawing-room in the Viceregal Palace are assembled some hundred guests—all in full dress, in grand uniforms of various colours, and glittering with orders. One of them is taller than the rest by a whole head; he holds himself very upright, and seems cool-headed, energetic, and calm; he speaks to no one, but examines those about him with penetrating, bright bluish-grey eyes. His features are heavy, but interesting, serious, impassive, and tanned; one sees that he has had much experience and is a soldier who has stood fire. His uniform is scarlet, and a whole fortune in diamonds sparkles on his left breast. He bears a world-renowned, an imperishable name: Lord Kitchener of Khartum, the conqueror of Africa and Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army.

A gentleman comes up to me and asks if I remember our having sat together at a banquet of Lord Curzon's. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab is also one of my old acquaintances, and Sir Louis Dane introduces me right and left. A herald enters the room and announces the approach of the Viceroy, and Lord Minto, accompanied by his staff, makes the round of the room, greeting each one of his guests, myself only with the words, "Welcome to Simla." The melancholy tone of the words did not escape me; he knew well that I did not feel as welcome as he and I should have wished. To the sound of music we move to the dining-room, are regaled with choice French dishes, eat off silver plate, and then rise again to take part in the levée, at which five hundred gentlemen are

presented to the Viceroy, who stands at the steps of the throne. Their names are called out one by one as they pass rapidly in front of the throne. Each one halts and turns to the Viceroy, who returns his deep reverence: he bowed this evening nine hundred times! When Indian princes or Afghan ambassadors pass before him, he does not bow, but lays his hand on the hilt of his guest's sword as a sign of friendship and peace.

Next day I was invited to transfer my quarters to the palace, and henceforth I was the guest of Lord and Lady Minto. The time I spent with them I shall never forget, and these weeks seem to me now like a dream or a fairy tale. Lord Minto is an ideal British gentleman, an aristocrat of the noblest race, and yet simple and modest. In India he soon became popular owing to his affability and kindness, and he does not think he occupies so high a position that he cannot speak a friendly word to any man out of the numerous tribes of the immense Empire committed to his rule. Lord Minto formerly served in India, and took part in the campaign against Afghanistan; after various experiences in three continents he was appointed Governor-General of Canada. In 1904 he returned to his estate of Minto in Scotland, intending to spend the remainder of his life there; then the King of England and Emperor of India invested him with the office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He is not the first Earl of Minto who has held this post, for his great-grandfather was Governor-General of the British possessions in the Indian Peninsula a hundred years ago. Then one had to sail round the Cape of Good Hope in order to reach the country of the Hindus, a long, troublesome voyage. Therefore the first Lord Minto left his family at home. The letters exchanged between himself and his wife are still extant, and display an affection and faithfulness quite ideal. When his period of service in India had at length expired, he embarked on a vessel which carried him over the long way to his native land, and he hurried with the first coach straight to Minto. There his wife expected him; she looked along the road with longing eyes; the appointed time had long passed, and no carriage could be

seen. At length a rider appeared in a cloud of dust, and brought the news that Lord Minto had died only one post stage from his house. A small label on the packet of letters bears the words "Poor fools." They were written by the first Lady Minto.

But now a new Minto family has blossomed into life. Comfort, simplicity, and happiness prevail in this charming home, where every member contributes to the beauty of the whole. A viceroy is always overwhelmed with work for th welfare of India, but Lord Minto preserved an unalterab composure, and devoted several hours daily to his family. W met at meals; some guests were usually invited to lunch, b at dinner we were frequently alone, and then the time passe most agreeably. Then Lady Minto told of her sojourn i Canada, where she travelled 116,000 miles by rail and steame accompanied her husband on his official tours and on sportin expeditions, shot foaming rapids in a canoe, and took par in dangerous excursions in Klondike. We looked over her diaries of that time; they consisted of thick volumes full o photographs, maps, cuttings, and autographs, and were interspersed with views and descriptions of singular interest. And yet the diary that Lady Minto had kept since her arrival in India was still more remarkable and attractive, for it was set in Oriental splendour and the pomp and gorgeousness of Eastern lands, was filled with maharajas bedecked with jewels, receptions in various states, processions and parades, elephants in red and gold, and all the grandeur and brilliancy inseparable from the court of an Indian viceroy. Three charming young daughters—the Ladies Eileen, Ruby, and Violet—fill this home with sunshine and cheerfulness, and, with their mother, are the queens of the balls and brilliant fêtes. Like their father, they are fond of sport, and ride like Valkyries.

Is it to be wondered at that a stranger feels happy in this house, where he is surrounded daily with kindness and hospitality? My room was over the private apartments of th Viceroy. On the ground-floor are State rooms, the large an elegant drawing-rooms, the dining-room, and the great bal

room decorated in white and gold. The various rooms and saloons are reached from a large ante-chamber adorned with arms and heavy hangings; here there is a very lively scene during entertainments. An open gallery, a stone verandah, runs round most of the ground-floor, where visitors, couriers, *chaprassis*, and *jamadars*, wearing red viceregal uniforms and white turbans, move to and fro. Behind is the courtyard where carriages, rickshaws, and riders come and go, while well-kept paths lead to quiet terraces laid out from Lady Minto's designs. Behind these terraces begins the forest with promenades in the shadow of the trees.

From the great hall in the middle of the house a staircase leads to the first storey, where the family of the Viceroy occupy rooms which surpass all the rest in the tastefulness of their decoration. Two flights up are the guest-rooms. From an inner gallery you can look down into the great hall, where the scarlet footmen glide noiselessly up and down the stairs. Outside my window was a balcony, where every morning I looked in vain for a glimpse of the mountains on the borders of Tibet. The highest official of Peshawar, Sir Harold Deane, with his wife, and the Maharaja of Idar, were guests in the palace of the Viceroy for a couple of days. Sir Harold was a man one never forgets after once meeting him; strong, tall, manly, and amiable. The half-savage tribes and princes on the frontier of Afghanistan fear and admire him, and he is said to manage them with masterly tact. This meeting was very important to me, for Sir Harold gave me letters of introduction to the Maharaja of Kashmir and his private secretary, Daya Kishen Kaul. On my return to India, Sir Harold was, alas! dead. In him India has lost one of its best guardians.

The Maharaja of Idar was a striking type of an Indian prince: he had a very dark complexion, handsome features, and an energetic bearing; he dressed for entertainments in silk, gold, and jewels, and altogether made an appearance which threw all Europeans quite into the shade. Yet he was exceedingly popular with them, and always a welcome guest. He is a great sportsman, a first-rate rider, and an exceedingly

cool-headed hunter. He owes his great popularity to the following incident: Once when an English officer died in the hot season near his palace, there was difficulty in finding a man to bury the corpse. As every one else refused, the Maharaja undertook the odious task himself. Scarcely had he returned to his palace when the steps were stormed by raving Brahmins, who cried out to him, with threats, that he had forfeited his rank, must be ejected from his caste, and was unworthy to have rule over the state. But he went calmly up to them and said that he knew only of one caste, that of warriors; then he ordered them to go away, and they obeyed.

I met many men in Simla whom I shall always count among my best friends—Generals Sir Beauchamp Duff and Hawkes, with their amiable consorts, and Colonel Adam and his wife, who spoke Russian; he was Lord Minto's military secretary, and died during my absence; also Colonel M'Swine and his wife. I was their guest at Bolaram, near Haidarabad, in 1902, and I had met the Colonel in the Pamirs in 1895; he, too, has been called away by death, only a month before he would have received his expected promotion to the command of the Ambala brigade. He was an exceptionally excellent and amiable man. I also made acquaintance with many members of Younghusband's Lhasa expedition, one of whom, Captain Cecil Rawling, ardently wished he could get back to Tibet. We often met and concocted grand plans for a journey together to Gartok—hopes which all ended in smoke. The German Consul-General, Count Quadt, and his charming wife were also especial friends of mine. Her mother belonged to the Swedish family of Wirsén, and we conversed in Swedish. I shall never forget a dinner at their house. Dunlop Smith and I rode each in a rickshaw along the long road to Simla, through the town and as far again on the other side, to Count Quadt's house, which was the Viceregal residence before Lord Dufferin built the new palace, the "Viceregal Lodge," in the years 1884-1888. The road was dark, but we had lamps on the shafts; our runners strained at the carriage like straps, and their naked soles pattered like wood on the

hard earth. We were late; Lord Kitchener was there already, and every one was waiting. After dinner the guests were invited to go out into the compound forming the summit of the hill on which the old palace is built. The light of the full moon quivered through the mild intoxicating air, the hills around were veiled in mist and haze, and from the depths of the valleys rose the shrill penetrating rattle of the grasshoppers. But this hill, where lively laughter resounded and conversation was stimulated by the effects of the dinner, seemed to be far above the rest of the world. Here and there dark firs or deodars peeped out of the mist with long outstretched arms like threatening ghosts. The night was quiet, everything but ourselves and the grasshoppers seemed to have gone to rest. Such an impression is never effaced. Etiquette forbade that any one should leave before Lord Kitchener—he had to give the signal for breaking up the party; but he found himself very comfortable here, and we talked in French with the wife of Colonel Townsend, drawing comparisons between the matrimonial state and the advantages of uncontrolled freedom. It was after midnight when the dictator of the feast rose, and then ladies and their cavaliers could make for their rickshaws. Silence reigned on the moonlit hill; only the shrill song of the grasshoppers still rose to heaven.

A couple of State balls also took place during my stay in the Viceregal Lodge. Then an endless succession of rickshaws streams up to the courtyard, winding like a file of glow-worms up Observatory Hill. One is almost astonished that there are so many of these small two-wheeled vehicles in Simla, but only the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Governor of the Punjab are allowed to use horse carriages, because of the narrowness of the roads. Then elegant ladies rustle in low dresses of silk, with agrafes of diamonds in their hair, and pass through the entrance and hall escorted by cavaliers in full-dress uniforms. One is frightfully crushed in this flood of people who have spent hours in adorning themselves so brilliantly, but the scene is grand and imposing, a *ne plus ultra* of gala toilets, a kaleidoscope of many colours,

of gold and silver; the red uniforms of the officers stand o sharply against the light silk dresses of the ladies in whi pink, and blue. Here and there the jewelled turban of maharaja hovers over a sea of European coiffures. Then the is a sudden silence, a passage is opened through the crow the herald has announced the advent of the Viceroy an his party, and the band plays "God save the King." Th Viceroy and his lady walk slowly through the ranks, saluti on both sides, and take their seats on the thrones in the gre ball-room; then the first waltz is played. The illustrious hos summon first one and then another of their guests to conve with them; there is a rustling of silk, a humming and buzzi shoe-soles glide with a scraping noise over the floor, and t dance-music hurries on its victims with irresistible force. Th guests flock in small parties or large groups into the adjoini dining-room, and there sup at small tables. At length t ranks grow thin, the hosts retire, the wheels of the last ricksh rattle over the sand of the courtyard, the electric lights extinguished, and the palace is quiet again.

Lord Kitchener's residence stands at the end of the town Simla, and is called Snowdon. The visitor enters first a lar ante-room, which, with its tasteful arrangement and decoratio gives rather the impression of a reception room or a hall o honour bedecked with trophies. A fine portrait of Gordo Pasha is placed on an easel; opposite stand busts of Alexander and Cæsar. In the wainscot of the staircase is inserted the arm of the presidential chair which Uncle Kruger used in Pretoria, and on the tables, shelves, and friezes are valuable Chinese vases of the Kang-hi (1662-1722) and Kien-lung (1736-1795) periods; for Lord Kitchener is an enthusiastic collector of old Chinese porcelain, but only the very fi finds favour in his eyes. But what strikes the stranger in this unique hall, and above all attracts his attention, the trophies and flags from Lord Kitchener's victories in Sudan and South Africa. They hang down from their stav from an upper gallery, among them the standards of th Mahdi and the dervishes of Omdurman and Om Debrake

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